

The
Porcupine

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Kiss is a noun, though generally used as a conjunction. It is never declined. It is more common than proper. It is not very singular and is generally used in the plural, and agrees with "me."



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The Porcupine

VOL. XIV.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., APRIL, 1908

NO. 8

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

The Family Jewels

"You say that you met Amelia in the city last week? Indeed? I am so glad you took a liking to her. Yes, if I do say so, she's a pretty good girl. She used to be rather 'high flown,' though, but since last summer she got it all taken out of her I guess. How was that did you say? Well, I'm sure it's not such a long story but what I could tell it in a quarter of an hour. I can't stay any longer than that, since I think it's sinful to waste a whole afternoon gossiping to Mrs. McCray's summer boarders, 'though she says she doesn't mind the least bit. Mrs. McCray's a good cook, isn't she?

"You see, Amelia was the only child, and her father set a store by her. Nothing was too good for Amelia. I had to stand by and see her just spoiled, though at times I was fairly boiling with rage at the things he'd let her do. Still she had a pretty good constitution, and come out without dyspepsia, with a fairly good temper, and some sense, 'though she could a had more and no harm done.

"Pa indulged her, especially in reading; she took that from me, I 'spose. He isn't a reading man himself, and was rather proud to have a bookish daughter, I guess. I didn't mind her reading so much, myself, although it did make her kind o' dreamy. You see, I went through the High School at the county seat, and got my fair share of education. Pa only went two years, and then he had to go to work, so his etiquette isn't always of the best. But then—he says they're mere trifles and ought to be left to women. I, myself, make a mistake once in a while, but being as I have to associate

with the neighbor folk, I'm not so fluent as I might be. Even though I do say 'I begun' for 'I began,' I don't leave off my g's from such words as 'singing' and the like.

"But I'm digressing. It's so hard to keep from drifting, and to stick to one's point all the time. When Amelia finished the grammar grades at fourteen, we thought we'd send her to the county high school, which is only ten miles distant, but she would hear none o' that. She was just crazy to go to a boarding school. She'd read so much about the fun girls had there, and finally Pa said she could go. He rather liked the idea of his daughter's going to a big city to school, because he knew not everyone can go to boarding school, for its pretty expensive, what with the fine clothes and car fare and all.

"Amelia used to write us perfectly glowing letters of the fun she was a-having, and the knowledge she imbibed, 'though she always spoke of that last, somehow or other. They played all sorts o' pranks on the teachers, but I guess the lady principal, being as she was pretty strict, didn't let 'em get too frisky.

"Amelia made just piles of friends, and when vacation time came, she wrote a most wheedling letter begging us to let her have a house party for a whole week, with about five or six girls. Pa was for letting her have it at first, but I set right down on it from the beginning, and finally he swung 'round to my way of thinking. For it was cherry-picking time, and I knew that it was hard enough to can the cherries without having a houseful of girls to cook for and pick up after—rather, 'for whom to cook and after whom to pick up'—'though that doesn't sound any better. So we wrote back and told her to wait until the Christmas vacation for her house party, although she could bring her chum up for a visit if she wished. Amelia's a real good and contented girl, and she wrote back that she and Amy Hilton, that's the chum, would be home Saturday night.

"I had a big dinner when the girls arrived, with a cherry pie for dessert, and all the time we were doing the dishes,

I let them dry them, they sang 'Can she make a cherry pie, Billy boy?' and other nonsensical jingles till I was fairly ready to shriek. You see I'd been working all day.

"Well, the girls played and sang, and danced, and sometimes worked, for almost a week. It about fagged me out. They got up picnics, and mountain climbing parties, and lawn parties, and sunrise and moonlight walks, and candy-pulls, until I was thankful I didn't have the whole half dozen encamped upon me. I guess Pa was glad, too, for they kept asking questions about deciduous fruit trees and adventitious buds and such like, till it was a wonder he could do his farm work.

"About the last of the week, Friday, however, there was quite a heavy shower, so that they had to remain indoors. Rain was not as much to their liking as sunshine, but, nevertheless, they kept occupied till about the middle of the afternoon. Then, seeing that time was a-hanging heavy on their hands and likely to overweight them, I suggested they climb to the attic and explore.

"Amelia was never fond of the attic. She was too afraid of the spiders, and mice, and ghosts, and fairies, to risk her life poking around up there. But Amy took up with the idea immediately, so they went to the attic. I heard them prowling around for a while, and then I didn't. But the whole atmosphere seemed rife with whispers and thick with secrets, even downstairs. At supper time they came down with an excited look in their faces, but as they didn't say anything I asked no questions.

"The next morning everything was as 'clear as a bell,' one of Amelia's figures of speech. The girls were up betimes and were busy under the biggest cherry tree, eating, I supposed. Consequently they weren't very hungry at breakfast. After eating they asked if they mightn't have the surry to drive to town. I was only too willing, being glad to have them out of the way, as I had to clean house.

"I didn't expect them home till about five in the evening, so imagine my surprise when I saw the surry, encircled in

a cloud of dust, coming up the driveway. I thought that surely Amelia would have taken Amy to the dime show in town, but she hadn't. They looked sort o' limp and draggled and full of woes, so that I surmised something was wrong. As soon as they got out they came a-running to me to unburden their troubles on my bosom. In a choky voice Amelia said they'd found a slip of paper the day before in a drawer of an old writing desk in the attic, which read:

"'Family diamonds under the biggest cherry tree, next house. On northeast side by big root. Finders keepers.'

"Of course, they scented hidden treasure, and early this morning, according to directions, they had dug there and found, to their amazement, they admitted, an old tin box, which, when opened, contained two necklaces of brilliants. I got rather excited myself when I heard that. All of the stories they had ever read concerning treasures came into their minds, and they danced for joy. Both their fortunes were made, they thought, for Amelia generously agreed to divide up.

"They made the trip to town to sell the necklaces, intending to return and overwhelm Pa and I with the proceeds. As soon as they arrived they rushed to the jewelers, and imagine their horror, when told these were not diamonds but imitation, and merely glass at that.

"And then it came to me, and how I did laugh. When I recovered, I tried to explain as gently as possible, for they appeared sort o' hurt and injured, how, when children, father had given sister and I each a necklace of brilliants with which we might play 'lady.' One day they disappeared and although we hunted high and low, we could never find them. From various hints your Uncle Jack used to give, I can guess now that he must have hidden them under the cherry tree, expecting we would find the note, which he must have slipped in the desk, knowing we played with it often when we went to the attic. It makes me smile even now, as I remember the foolish look on their faces. Since

then Amelia has stopped reading spectacular romances and has begun to read Dickens and Thackeray.

"Well, I must be going. I guess I'll see you tomorrow afternoon, though. Yes, I'm sort o' resting up for the Christmas vacation, although it is quite a spell off. Good afternoon. My regards to Mrs. McCray."

Billy's Grit

The team of the Ainslee Military Academy were at hard practice on the diamond before the crowds began to assemble for the game. But Billy McCray, Ainslee's star pitcher and captain, was not in the box. Instead there was Allen, the Sophomore who had shown some cleverness, but he had not that coolness and resource that Billy had, and which was so necessary in this of all games.

Little groups, gathered here and there at the edge of the diamond, were earnestly discussing the subject. To everyone the reason was a mystery, and even the members of the team appeared worried over the change.

A few minutes before the game the captain called his team together.

"Fellows," he said, "I'm simply not in condition to pitch today. Allen will pitch a winning game, and show old Howland Prep. what Ainslee can do."

The faces of the team were somewhat disappointed and anxious, as they took their places. The black-bloused umpire entered the field, brushed off the rubber with his toe, broke the seals off the new league balls, and tossed one to Allen.

"Play ball!"

The pitcher swung his arm, and the game was on. For six innings Allen held his batters down pretty well. The score remained 2—I, favoring Ainslee. In the seventh a Howland batter sent a low ball to the shortstop and failed

to make first base. The next man to the bat knocked a swift ball to second and barely made first. The third fanned out. Two out, and only one man on base. The pitcher and the team were gaining courage. The Howland nine was frantic, they had been holding Kelly, their heavy batsman, in order to bring in men from second and third when he should knock a fielder. Now, the only thing to do was for Kelly to go up, or there would probably be a case of three out.

The captain called Allen to the bench.

"You've got 'em a-goin'," he said. "Now give Kelly some of your fancy ones."

Like a shot the ball sped over the plate—a trifle too high.

"Ball," said the umpire.

Another shot towards the batter, almost touching him. Allen was getting "wild."

"Two balls," drawled the umpire.

The pitcher drew himself up in a knot and shot the ball towards the plate.

"Crack!" and the ball was speeding toward the outfielder, while Kelly reached second base, and the other runner third. The next batter took his place at the side of the plate. The pitcher sent the ball way to the side. The next was as bad, and the third almost hit the batter. Allen was getting one of his wild streaks. Three balls had been called and another of this kind would send another man to a base. The whole team realized what it meant—Ainslee would lose again this year to Howland.

But no one saw what was going to happen better than Billy, and by the time the catcher and Allen reached his bench he was peeling off his jersey, and donning a baseball jacket.

"Billy, you've got to pitch. You know what it means to us." They had hardly gotten the words out of their mouths before the gritty captain was in his box.

He stood for a moment, turning the ball over in his hand, then quick as a flash threw it across the plate.

"One strike," came from the umpire.

The catcher, instead of throwing back the ball, carried it to the pitcher.

"Don't do it, Billy," he advised. "Your face is white as death. Let Allen finish it, even if we do lose."

Billy tried to smile. "Go on back there and catch," he commanded.

With a great effort he swung back his arm and pitched the ball. Like a shot it came back toward him, and mechanically he stuck out his gloveless hand. It struck, but the fingers failed to close around it and it fell to his feet. The batter got safely to first base, and the man on second reached third. But the sudden shock and the pain of throwing had aroused Billy from the stupor which was coming over him, and he resolved not to let them make another run. "It's the last inning," he muttered.

He grimly faced the next batter and swung his arm, but his speed was gone. The ball seemed to hang in the air. With a crack the batter knocked it straight toward the pitcher. Instinctively he gathered himself and leaped high in the air. He caught the ball in his bare hand, wheeled like a cat as soon as his feet touched ground, and threw the ball home, making the best double play ever seen on the Howland diamond and winning for Ainslee.

For a moment Billy looked stupidly at the catcher, and heard the yells of the Ainslee rooters; then suddenly he realized that the game was over. The reaction was too great. Trembling like a leaf he fell in Ted Ramsey's arms. Then for the first time he saw Billy's bandaged wrist.

"Oh, now I see why you put in Allen," he exclaimed, "Billy, why didn't you tell us about it?"

"I knew I couldn't stick the whole game out. I thought it was the best way. If the doctor had known it—"

He gasped for breath, but before he had finished the gritty hero was being carried off on the shoulders of the team.

II.

It was years later when I saw Billy McCray again. After graduation he had gone West, and little had been heard

from him since. One morning some business called me to the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. I arrived a few minutes before the close, and was forced to wait in order to see a broker who was busy on the floor. As I looked down from the balcony I saw a frantic mass wedged against the rail of the stock pit. The scene beggared description. Men yelling and frantically waving their hands; their hats gone, collars torn and hanging over their shoulders. A coat and waistcoat ripped open, showing the full length of white shirt front.

"Bear raid on Colorado Pacific," informed my neighbor.

Yes, a Bear raid it was. A gigantic attempt by some of the money kings to bear down the stock of the Colorado Pacific Railroad, and down in the midst of the howling mob I recognized Sterling Ford, backed by the Hollenbeck millions, as the leader of the raid. And there, backed up against the rail, like a stag at bay, was the Colorado Pacific's representative trying to stay the rushing current of dropping prices—bent on saving his company's stock against the open sluice-gate of the Bears.

The battle had continued since the opening of the Exchange. Every bid of Ford's was immediately taken by the Western broker.

"Seventy-two for 10,000,—71 for 10,000,—70 for 10,000," he thundered, and every time the other's right hand shot up and his clear resounding "Sold" met Ford's every retreating bid. All around these two was frantic buying and selling. All knew that if Ford succeeded in beating down his opponent Colorado Pacific would fall no one could say how low, and panic would ensue.

It could plainly be seen that Ford was fast nearing his last ditch; but Colorado's broker was also fast nearing the end. How much more he could buy no one knew.

"Five thousand at 69," shouted Ford, met with the same cool "Sold."

"Five thousand at 68,—5,000 at 67,—5,000 at 65," he bel-
lowed.

It was a battle royal—a king on one side, a Richelieu on the other. Victory depended on who could hold out the longest.

"Twenty-five thousand at 60," thundered Ford. It was his last ditch stand. A moment's silence followed the calm "Sold," then pandemonium reigned. Every man on the floor seemed to want Colorado Pacific. Up went the prices; 65, 66, 67, 68, 70—up towards par.

The gong at the end of the building sounded the close. A hush fell over the frantic mob. The market closed strong with Colorado Pacific at $87\frac{1}{2}$.

I glanced down at the dissembling figures below.

"Yes, it's Billy, al right," I said half aloud, and the next moment I was looking square into the smiling face of Billy McCray—the same Billy of old. It was Billy's grit that saved the Colorado Pacific.

The Crossing

After running parallel to the stream for a few rods, the road dipped abruptly into the water. Across the brook the wagon tracks and prints of horseshoes marked the place where it emerged, but further view of it was cut off by the overhanging branches of the many trees. The stream ran swiftly along, but the ford was perfectly safe, being just a few inches deep. A few boulders, scattered at intervals across the water, formed a path for the chance pedestrian or country schoolboy.

On the sandy slope of the nearer edge of the brook, at the side of the road, sat a girl and a boy. She was dressed in a blue sailor with a white embroidered hat, her hair streaming from under in precise disarray. Her companion was a well-built youth, togged out in corduroys and a red sweater, on which was sewed a large initial "S."

"Well?" she asked.

"Well?" he echoed.

In her voice there was a tone of restlessness; his was a careless, indifferent manner.

"Are you going to help me across?" she asked.

"Well—er—I hardly think so." He spoke as if weighing each word to see if his answer were going to be exactly correct.

"How, then, am I going to get over?"

"There are a number of ways, any one of which you could do?" he replied.

"Name one," she challenged.

"Walk over on those stones by yourself."

"What, those small, slippery stones!" She shuddered at the idea. "You know, Hal, that is impossible for me to do."

"Then pull off your shoes and wade over."

"Hal, you keep still," she spoke decisively. "After leaving the rest of the class and walking this far, and now to turn back. You know, Hal, I want to send this postal so bad to Argie—she doesn't know I went on the class picnic today, you know—and if we could just get across this stream and get to that country postoffice you told me of, then I could mail it and get back with the rest of the class. You never told me of any stream we had to cross."

"That's true. I don't remember telling you we had to cross a stream," he said.

"You ought to have told me that we would, and then I would not have wanted to come so bad. But I could get across easily enough, Hal, if you would just help me, and keep me from slipping."

"I will not do it, Myrtle." He spoke with decision, but not harsh in the least.

"You refuse a request from a girl in Leap Year, Hal?"

"I refuse that particular request, Myrtle. Name any other and I will quickly do it. But I can't help you over." Around his mouth there played a mischievous smile, which he tried to conceal.

"Well," she shrugged her shoulders, "take this postal, cross on those rocks, and mail it at the country postoffice, and I'll wait here for you."

"I refuse."

"Well, do as you please, Mr. Hal, I am going to sit right down here and stay here. You can do what you wish."

She snatched a wayward lock of hair and tucked it underneath her hat in a savage manner. She slyly looked from under the rim of her hat to see if he were looking at her. She hoped he was. No, he was skipping rocks over the surface of the water, utterly absorbed in his own pastime.

She thought she would tease him. "You know that good-looking Senior," she began, "with the black eyes, broad shoulders? Isn't he the swellest chap? You know he—" A bee came buzzing around her ear. "Oh, Hal," she cried, "get that bee away, hurry, quick!"

Hal sat still and motioned with his finger to the bee. "Come away, nice little bee," he teased, "don't hurt Myrtle. Come on away, please—"

"Oh, Hal, you—." She checked herself in time.

"Better call that lanky Senior of yours. Maybe he could catch the bee," he said, but the bee buzzed away to the opposite shore and thus Myrtle was saved.

For a while both sat and said nothing. She toyed with her tie, arranging it at least twenty times in the same way, her lips in a pout, while he drew figures in the sand, always wearing a tricky little grin.

She was the first to speak. "How time is flying. I was in the shade awhile ago and now the sun is beating down on me fiercely. Can't you fix it, Hal?"

"What do you take me for? A second Joshua, having control over the movements of the sun?" he asked in surprise.

"Of course not. I simply meant for you to move that branch so it would shade me."

"Such an easy thing! Of course it would not fly back

to its original position if I would move it," he said with sarcasm. "I think it would be much easier to move the girl." He looked at her.

She tried to look mad. "Keep still," she replied sternly.

"Well, Myrtle, I believe I'll go on." He arose. "Good-bye."

She did not answer. He started, but did not walk across on the stones. A few faint wagon tracks, partly covered by the fallen leaves, led on parallel to the stream. Following these he walked on.

Presently he heard Myrtle. "Oh, Hal," she called, "did you get that algebra yesterday. I can't do it. I simply cant. Can you show me?"

He stopped. "Certainly," he called back. "Substitute X for the arched eyebrows of the antropoid cavity of the sedimentary distinction, and solve inversely, as the binomial theorem equals the bivalent resolution of qualitative analyses, and your answer will prove by the unique method. Don't you see?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "how simple. How very easy."

He turned and walked on, smiling to himself, but soon he heard Myrtle calling again.

"Oh, Hal, wait a minute. Wait till I catch up." She hastened to him. "Where are you going?" she asked impatiently.

"Wait till we get to the top of this little knoll," he answered, "then I'll tell you."

They walked on silently until they were at the summit of the little hill, then Hal pointed to a nerby structure on which was hung a sign.

"Myrtle," he broke the silence, "tell me what that sign says?"

"What sign? I don't see any." She tried hard not to see it.

"That large sign; what does it say?" he demanded.

"P-O-S-T O-F-F-I-C-E," she slowly spelt, and then: "I thought it was across the brook?"

"I didn't say so."

"Well, but—I—well—er—"

Hal laughed, and she had to join in. "When you have mailed the postal," he said, "I'll help you over that crossing if you wish."

The Shipwreck

We were sitting on a shady bench in the park, watching the people pass, and making idle comments on those we knew.

"There goes Fred Brown," said my chum. "He's got a new suit. Guess he spends more money on himself, now that he doesn't spend so much on Fan."

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, you know, the course of true love never did run smooth, and Fred literally wrecked his bark."

"I'd noticed that they hadn't been together as much lately, but I didn't know it was anything serious. Tell me about it," I said.

"Well, it seems about two weeks ago Fred and Fan were invited to go on a picnic with a crowd from town. They were all going down the river a few miles and have their lunch at the Falls.

"Brown didn't care to go with the common herd, so he got a boat for just himself and Fan. It was as clear as crystal, and promised to be a blazing hot day. Fred said that somehow he felt as if it were going to be a 'rotten' picnic, for him anyway, but of course he didn't say anything to Fan about it. And she was in a fidget because she was afraid her complexion would suffer in spite of her sunshade and thick veil.

"Everyone left the landing at about nine o'clock. They were the last to get started, so the others had gotten quite

a little distance ahead. They didn't care anything about that, though, for they were pretty well satisfied with themselves.

"When they got down to the 'coaling station' they found the crowd there eating ice-cream. They joined them, and Fred ordered two dishes.

"But there was no place for the boat except at the corner of the platform. Fred put in there, and while they ate he enjoyed a blessed rest and cooled off a little. It was a small boat, and Fan weighs nearly two hundred, you know. Besides that, they had the lunch baskets. If Fred had been a little more used to rowing he'd have ballasted his boat differently. The others finished first and started on. Fred heaved a sigh and bent forward to take up his wearisome task. But there was a nail in the platform, and when Fred pushed the boat in, the nail caught and held it fast. The ice-cream fellow took in the situation at a glance, and gave the boat a gentle downward push to clear it off the nail.

"Well, the water was nearly over the sides of the boat already, so all that was needed was that gentle shove. Fan felt it going and started to get up, but that only made it worse, and in a second they found themselves sitting in the river up to their shoulders in the water.. The lunch baskets calmly pursued their course down stream toward the other boats.

"Fred said he gave one look at Fan, and when he remembered her wonderful toilet of the morning and contrasted it with her present appearance he laughed. That was enough for Fan. She told him that if he didn't have any more sympathy for her than that, he needn't call at her house again. She had no further use for him.

"Well, with the assistance of the ice-cream man Fan managed to get out on the platform. Then she wanted to go right back, but Fred said he'd have to take the lunch to the other folks first, and he started off after it. He got it, too, a little the worse for wear, but nothing missing.

"When he overtook the other boats and handed over the

lunch, everyone wanted to know all about it, but all he'd say was that there'd been an accident, and they must go home.

"Fan didn't speak a word all the way home, and never has since, as far as I know. Poor Fred!"

Three is a crowd, and there were three—
He, the parlor lamp, and she.
Two is company, and, no doubt,
This is why the lamp went out.

Ruth Hall (entering a music store)—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight?'"

Clerk—"Er—er—no—I guess it must have been the other clerk."

Lady (to little boy playing ball on Sunday)—"What would your father say if he should see you, young man?"

Boy—"Dunno, go ask him; he's over there playin' first."

"There goes a man who has done much to arouse the people."

"Great labor agitator?"

"No; a manufacturer of alarm clocks."

Mary had a little lamb,
She dearly loved, 'tis said.
She carried it to school one day
Upon a slice of bread.

"The Porcupine"

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All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, California.

Since the last editorial on "Plots" was written, we have run across some good articles on the subject. Rather than lessen their value by attempting to give their substance in our own words, we have decided to reprint them just as they are.

"I never map out the exact course of the story in advance. Naturally I have a more or less distinct notion of how it is to go, but I find that after I begin writing, one chapter suggests another and the story grows of itself.

"Writing is so different from other kinds of work, it depends so much upon individual character and habits of mind, that it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast

rules in relation to it. No sooner have you done so than somebody violates them all and still comes out on top."

—William Dean Howells

"The true method for the making of a plot is the development of what may be termed the plot-germ. Take two or three characters, strongly individualized morally and mentally, place them in a strong situation and let them develop. There are hundreds of these plot-germs in our every-day life, conversation and newspaper reading, and the slightest change in the character at starting will give a wide difference in ending. Change the country and the atmosphere is changed, the elements are subjected to new influences which develop new incidents and so a new plot. Change any vital part in any character and the plot must be different. One might almost say two plots thus developed from the same germ can have no greater resemblance than two shells cast up by the ocean."

—From "Current Literature."

"Nothing is more clear than that every plot worth the name must be elaborated to its denouement before anything be attempted with the pen. It is only with the denouement constantly in view that we can give a plot its indispensable air of consequence or causation by making the incidents, and especially the tone at all points, tend to the development of the intention."

—Edgar Allen Poe.

"Most of us are good, it has been said, either because we have no strong temptations or because we are cowards. Now, by a stroke of the writer's wand, remove fear and create temptation. Put a weak character in the atmosphere, a strong, a weak and a strong, characters of both sexes, etc. The plots will arise like soap bubbles. Again, alter suddenly the environment, and study character changes. The country boy is a new being in the city, and his place cannot be taken by the city boy. The poor man, become suddenly rich, is facing tremendous possibilities, that are capable of

working into plots by the author. Simply as an example, recall the condition of a rich man who must rid himself of his wealth, and note how it has been worked out in 'Brewster's Millions.' Royalty that would be peasantry is portrayed in Mark Twain's 'The Prince and the Pauper.' And so it runs, limitless, with possibilities."

—Leslie W. Quirk.

In the same article from which the above was taken it was mentioned that a good way to get a plot is to frame one about some picture which you may have before you. The suggestion seems good. Try it.

To the Point

When you have a thing to say,
Say it. Don't take half a day.
Where your tale's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—
Don't you fill the whole blamed paper
With a tale, which at a pinch,
Could be cornered in an inch!
Boil her down until she simmers;
Polish her until she glimmers;
When you have a thing to say,
Say it. Don't take half a day.

—From "The Editor."

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Santa Rosa Department Store

432-434 Fourth St.

Santa Rosa



Now that basketball is over, all the fellows have turned toward Track, and they certainly are "doing things." We have some fine material and are only sorry that the fellows won't have a chance to win the S. M. A. A. L. this time.

Now that the track on the school grounds is in good condition, a goodly number of fellows turn out every night, and some fine spirit is manifested. As a result of this faithful training, our first and second-year fellows completely outclassed the boys from the first and second years of Healdsburg High. This meet was held at Pierce Bros.' track and was run off as follows:

50-yard dash—Grove, S.; Brown, S.; Ferguson, H.
 100 yard dash—Grove, S.; Ferguson, H.; Brown, S.
 220-yard dash—Sampson, H.; Weeks, S.; Cummings, H.
 440-yard dash—Cockrane, S.; Barnum, H.; Merrman, S.
 880-yard run—Miller, S.; Sneider, S.; Gilger, H.
 Mile run—Miller, S.; Sneider, S.; Lampson, H.
 Low hurdles—Banks, H.; Edge, H.; Sibbald, S.
 High hurdles—Edge, H.; Weeks, S.; Stump, S.
 Shot put—Swisher, H.; Gilger, H.; Weeks, S.
 Pole vaule—Cockrane, S.; Sutherland, S.; Hall, H.
 High jump—Sutherland, S.; Stump, S.; Miller, S.

Shoulder Braces

For Crooked People

Also for people who don't want to grow crooked. Especially boys and girls going to school, who have a tendency to stoop over.

Phone Main 32

HAHMAN DRUG CO.

Free Delivery

213 Exchange Ave.

Next to big bank building

Broad jump—Sutherland, S.; Norton, S.; Grove, S.

Hammer throw—Webb, S.; Hyde, S.; Swisher, H.

Relay—Healdsburg.

By the number of first places, it is easy to see how well our fellows did. It also showed that in a short time S. R. H. S. will have a bunch of athletes at whom all the schools around the Bay will "sit up and take notice."

Miller did well by winning both the mile and the half. He showed that he had both the grit and the speed for these races. Grove will, in a short, time, be a good man in the sprints. Cockrane will soon be a crack quartermen. Brown, Sutherland, Weeks, Hyde, Sneider and all the boys on the team did well, and deserve credit.

The Academic Field Day

Santa Rosa 24. Healdsburg 18½. Lowell 17. Ukiah 14.

For the first time during the history of the school, Santa Rosa High won the Academic Athletic League Field Day, which was held upon the Berkeley Oval. The team, composed of G. Lee, E. Woolley, V. Coolley, S. Dickson, W. Rogers, L. Miller, R. Sneider and C. Whitney, deserves all the credit that can possibly be accorded to it. Although there is no cup connected with the winning of the meet there is "honor enough for us all."

E. Woolley held up to his usual standard and won the hammer throw by a distance of 155 feet 1 inch. Winning the hammer throw is getting to be quite a habit with Earl.

G. Lee was our star in the meet. He won the low hurdles and tied for second in the high jump. In the latter event he equaled his own High School record of 5 feet 7½

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SANTA ROSA

inches. Galaen won his heat easily, and won the finals in the fast time of 27:3 seconds.

S. Dickson was the surprise of the day. He went down expecting to win the pole vault, but won the shot put easily. His distance was 47 feet 2½ inches, breaking the High School record for that event. In the Stanford meet Spence will, no doubt, win both the shot and pole, and the individual medal for the first places.

C. Whitney ran second in the quarter and third in the "220." He was not in the best of condition.

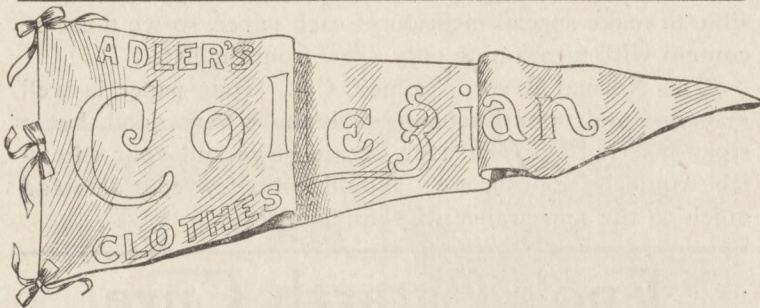
W. Rogers got third in the broad jump by a leap of 20½ feet. Next year we expect Will to win this event.

Coolley, Miller and Sneider all did well in their respective events, even if they didn't place. They showed that with a little more experience they will "make good."

The number of points made by the fellows was as follows:

G. Lee.	7
E. Woolley.	5
S. Dickson.	5
C. Whitney.	5
W. Rogers.	2

Total.	24
----------------	----



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SANTA ROSA

We think by winning this A. A. L. that we have demonstrated to both Ukiah and Healdsburg that we can easily beat them in any kind of a meet, dual or collective.

C. Whitney was chosen from the Santa Rosa basketball team as a guard for the "All Academic" team. The authorities were undecided between G. Lee from our team, and Harris from the Oakland team, for center, but finally chose the latter on account of his size.—Editor.



From an exchange list of over one hundred, it is impossible to make special mention of each paper, so we must be content with mentioning only a few from the list.

"The Normal Record," Chico, Cal. Your paper is well managed and your Exchange Column is very good, but a story inserted between your debate news and your editorials would be appropriate. Would not a few cuts also add much to the appearance of your paper?

Eno's Catarrh Cure

The most reliable Catarrh Remedy on the market. A local and internal. **Price \$1.00.** For sale at cor. Fourth and A Streets.

ST. ROSE DRUG STORE

"Olla Podrida," Berkeley, Cal., is, as usual good, and keeps up the reputation of the school.

"El Gabilan," Salinas City, Cal. Our search for criticism has ended in failure. Your paper is well edited. It contains good material. Your drawings are well done and your table of contents has been made not only useful, but artistic as well.

"The Forum," St. Joseph, Mo. "How to Buy Mining Stock" is clever, funny and original. There is room for improvement on your cover page, and why not separate your Joshes and Exchanges?

"The Mirror," Rock Springs, Wyoming. Your paper is fairly good for volume one, number three, and though not extensive, it has yet time to improve.

"The Sequoia," Eureka, Cal., is our largest and best exchanges for this month.

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass. Your material is good, especially "Rooseveltism," but why not use better paper, cuts and a more artistic cover design?

Two issues of the "Orange and White," Woodland, Cal., are on our exchange table this month, the Thanksgiving and the February numbers. Both are neat and worthy of your school.

California Oyster Market and Grill

Leading Restaurant

Fourth Street, bet. A and B
Sana Rosa, Cal.

Sporting Goods
Bicycles
Automobiles



Schelling's Cyclery



An Englishman, a Scotchman and an Irishman were one day arguing as to which country had the fastest trains.

"I've been in one of our trains and the telegraph poles looked like a hedge," said the Englishman.

"I've seen the mile-stones appear like tomb-stones," said the Scott.

"Be jabbers," said Pat, "I wuz in a train in my country and we passed a field of turnips, a field of carrots, a field of cabbage, a field of parsley and a pond of water, and we wuz goin' so fast that I thought it wuz soup."

Mary had a little lamb—

You've heard this fact before—

But have you heard she passed her plate

And had a little more?

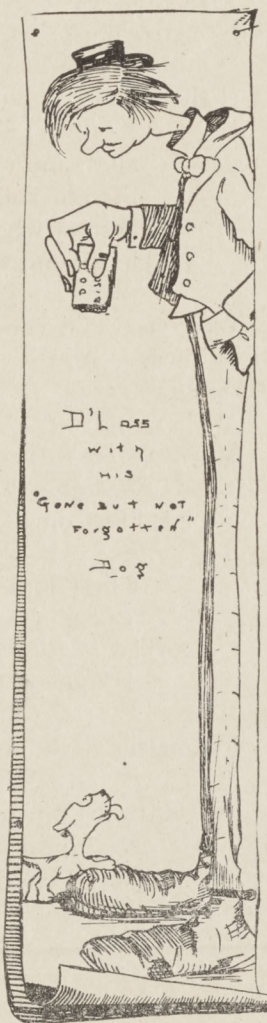
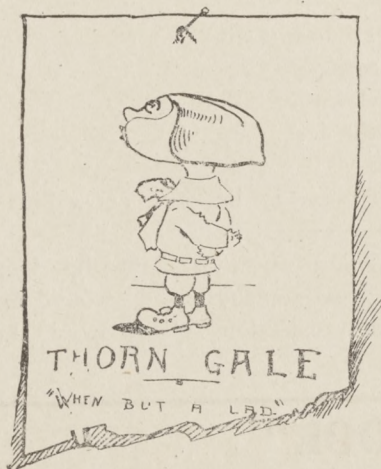
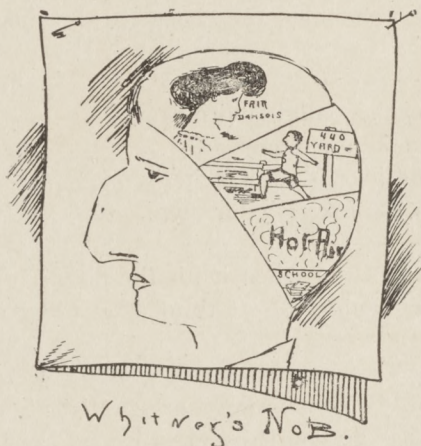
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Bands and Neck Ties

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Made by Ederheimer-Stein



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They have the nicest assortment in Santa Rosa
519 FOURTH STREET SANTA ROSA CAL.

Jean Ross was playing the piano. "I could just die listening to your music, Miss Ross," remarked Mr. Patton.

"Oh, how nice of you!" responded the charmer, "I think I shall play some more."

Laugh and the teacher laughs with you;

Laugh and you laugh alone.

The first when the joke is the teacher's,

The second when the joke is your own.

Lawyer—"Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"

Witness—"And sure, yer honor, did ye think it would go through?"

Miss O'Mera—"Preston, do you know your English?"

"Doc" Shearer—"Yes; it's got both covers torn off, and some ink blots on the front and back."

At first I thought I knew it all,

But now I must confess

The more I know, I know, I know,

I know I know the less.

No matter how hungry a horse is, he can't eat a bit.

"Speak to me," Jean pleaded, as she looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated, and stroked his soft curly hair. He could not resist her. "Bow-wow," he said.

"LOOK"

You can boord for 45 cents a day at the

STAR RESTAURANT

P. E. VARNER, Prop.

Latest College Styles in Shoes

R.C. Moodey & Son

To shave your face and comb your hair,
 And then your Sunday clothes to wear,
 That's preparation.
 And then upon the car to ride,
 And walk a mile or two beside,
 That's transportation.
 And then before the door to smile,
 And think you'll stay a good long while,
 That's expectation.
 And then to find she's not at home—
 That's thunderation.

Miss Wirt—"What tense do I use when I say 'I am beautiful?'"

Harriet Parrish—"The remote past."

Rescuer—"How did you come to fall in?"

Rescued—"I didn't come to fall in. I came to fish."

My bonnie lies there on the stretcher,
 He's all down and out of the race;
 My bonnie endeavored to tackle,
 And got the "straight arm" in the face.

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Biggest Store

Best Stock

Lowest Prices

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SANTA ROSA, CAL.

Monthly Report of the Josh Box Contents

One collar button.
 Two broken combs.
 Two and a half peanuts.
 One alleged joke.
 Three pounds of torn paper.
 One toothpick.
 No nickels.
 And a hairpin.

Mr. Cocheinstine—"I hear dot your son iss goin' into peesness for himself! Yes?"

Mr. Cohn—"Yes. He was tinkin' of startin' mit a glosing-oud sale."

Freshie Girl—"Do you ever use slang?"

Mildred Peterson—"Nit! My maw would biff me on the beak if I ever made a stab at any dope like that! See?"

Mr. Shearer—"Why is it that your records are lower than they were last December?"

"Doc"—"Why—er—you see, everything is marked down after the holidays."



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THE VICTOR

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SANTA ROSA CYCLE CO.

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Furniture, Carpets, Mattings, Linoleums, Etc.

Most Complete Stock in the City of Santa Rosa

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The Peanut Roaster and Popcorn Popper which stands near Brooks Clothing Store is surely a novelty. It is attracting considerable attention. Furnished with the best of modern improvements it is capable of giving excellen work. Corn popped in butter, Chewing Gum and Sweet Popcorn.

W. H. BURTCH, Prop.

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LEADING HOTEL NORTH OF SAN FRANCISCO

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Fourth and B Streets

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Reward!

The "Porcupine" management have found the task beyond their ability, so they take this opportunity of offering a handsome reward to anyone who can read "the handwriting on the wall" in Mr. Johnson's room.

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GOOD PLACE FOR GOOD GROCERIES

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Fourth and Wilson Sts.

Quite matchless are her dark brown iii,
She talks with utmost eee;
And when I tell her she is yyy
She says I am a ttt.

PHONE BLACK 4611

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Is very complete and we would call
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A dog stood on the railroad track,
The train was coming fast.
The dog stepped off the railroad track,
And let the train go past.

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First Class Livery, Feed and Boarding

15 MAIN STREET

PHONE MAIN 22

Not Really Slang

The butcher's cart ran down the street;

The driver had a jag on.

It bumped into a post, and knocked

The liver out of the wagon.

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Ice Cream in any quantity at the

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GARDINER BROS.

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Mamma—"Did Arthur take one of those flowers from the vase in the hall last night?"

Bessie—"No; I don't think so. Why?"

Mamma—"I heard him say as he was leaving, 'I am going to steal just one.'"

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZORS

Pocket Cutlery and Fancy Carvers
A Full Line of Hardware

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**Garden Tools, Lawn Mowers,
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Furniture

MATTING AND LINOLEUM

Steam Carpet Beating Works

Carpets

304 FOURTH STREET, PHONE RED 1641

A Study in Spacing

The parlor sofa holds the twain,
Miranda and her love-sick swain,
Heandshe.

But hark! a step upon the stair,
And father finds them sitting there
He and she.

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"Uncle," said the scientific Thorn, "don't you know that you ought to boil your drinking water so as to kill the microbes?"

"Well," responded the old gentleman, thoughtfully, "I believe I'd just as soon be an aquarium as a cemetery."

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MISSIS LAMBERTS

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Jar Taffies?

If not

Why not?

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430 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.

"Well, Mike, did youse get any ducks?"

"Naw! Ivery toime the blamed gun went off, it made so much noise that it skeered 'em all away."

Miss Hathaway—"De Loss, translate 'Rex fugit.'"

De Loss—"The king flees."

Miss H.—"You should use 'has' in the perfect tense."


De Loss—"The king has fleas."

Phone Main 371

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NEW MILL

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